
3-D
THREE DIMENSIONAL
TALES FROM
THE CRYPT OF
TERROR
3-D No. 2
25¢
ON THE INSIDE!
TWO 3-D VIEWERS!
FELDSTEIN

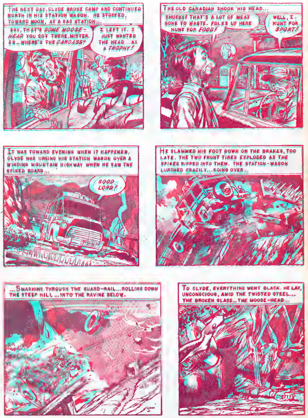

3-D
RIGHT EYE
LEFT EYE



THE 3-D CRYPT OF TERROR
HEH, HEH! WELL, HERE IT IS, FIENDS! HORROR IN THREE DIMENSIONS! AND THIS IS YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO BRING IT TO YOU IN ALL ITS 3-PLANE GORY DETAILS! SO GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR VIEWER, HOLD ON TO YOUR EYEBALLS, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURDLING DEATH-DRAMA I CALL...
THE TROPHY!

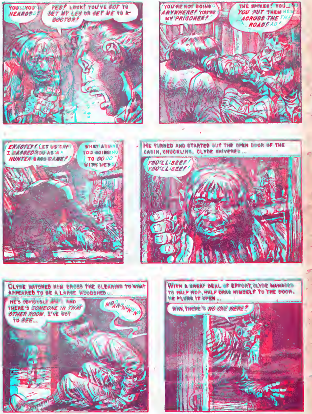

CLYDE FRANKLIN WAS A BIG GAME HUNTER. THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS TO LEAVE ON ANOTHER EXPEDITION, A REPORTER CAME TO INTERVIEW HIM. THEY ENTERED THE TROPHY ROOM...
– AND THESE ARE MY MEMENTOS OF PAST HUNTING TRIPS... MY RECORDS OF ACHIEVEMENT!
HOW COULD YOU? HOW COULD YOU HUNT THESE POOR CREATURES, THEN STUFF THEIR HEADS? IT'S CRUEL!
NOW, NOW, BE REASONABLE, SIR. I HUNT FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT. THESE HEADS ARE MY... MY SCORES! LIKE TOUCHDOWNS.
SPORT!? IT'S PURE MURDER... THAT'S ALL.
IF THAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE, I'M AFRAID THIS INTERVIEW IS AT AN END, YOUNG MAN. GOOD EVENING!
GOOD NIGHT!
THE YOUNG REPORTER STORMED OUT. CLYDE FRANKLIN BEGAN TO LAUGH...
POOR FOOL! WHAT'S HE SO WORKED UP ABOUT? AFTER ALL! THEY'RE ONLY ANIMALS!
THE NEXT MORNING, CLYDE PACKED HIS HUNTING GEAR INTO HIS STATION WAGON...
GOOD-BYE, JEEVES. I'LL BRING A MOOSE HEAD JUST FOR YOU!
THANK YOU, SIR. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!
CLYDE'S HUNTING EXPEDITION, THIS TIME, TOOK HIM NORTH, INTO CANADA, IN SEARCH OF CARIBOU, PUMA, MOOSE...
...OR ANY OTHER UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL THAT MIGHT CROSS MY GUNSIGHTS.


DEEP IN THE CANADIAN NORTH WOODS, CLYDE MADE HIS CAMP...
THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MOOSE AND CARIBOU AROUND HERE. TOMORROW MORNING, I'LL TRY MY LUCK...
THE NEXT DAY, CLYDE TRACKED A MOOSE FOR THREE HOURS. FINALLY HE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...
LOOK AT THOSE ANTLERS! WHAT A TROPHY HE'LL MAKE!
CLYDE'S FIRST SHOT GRAZED THE MOOSE, AND IT TURNED, BELLOWING. THEN, IT CHARGED...
CLYDE STOOD HIS GROUND. HE WAITED UNTIL THE MOOSE WAS ALMOST UPON HIM...WAITED TILL HE WAS SURE HE COULD HIT THE VITAL SPOT...
WHAM!
THEN HE FIRED. THE MOOSE WENT DOWN, SKIDDING, AND ROLLED OVER DEAD AT CLYDE'S FEET. CLYDE UNSHEATHED HIS HUNTING KNIFE...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HEAD! FOR MY TROPHY ROOM!

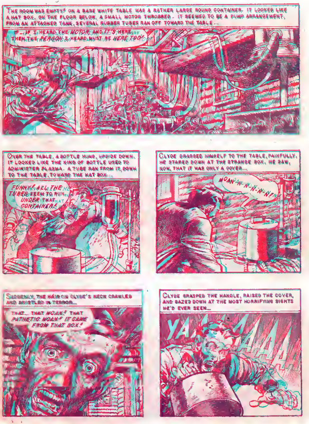

THE NEXT DAY, CLYDE BROKE CAMP AND CONTINUED NORTH IN HIS STATION WAGON. HE STOPPED, TOWARD NOON, AT A GAS STATION...
SAY, THAT'S SOME MOOSE-HEAD YOU GOT THERE, MISTER. ER.. WHERE'S THE CARCASS?
I LEFT IT. I JUST WANTED THE HEAD... AS A TROPHY!
THE OLD CANADIAN SHOOK HIS HEAD...
SHUCKS! THAT'S A LOT OF MEAT GONE TO WASTE. FOLKS UP HERE HUNT FOR FOOD!
WELL, I HUNT FOR SPORT!
IT WAS TOWARD EVENING WHEN IT HAPPENED. CLYDE WAS URGING HIS STATION WAGON OVER A WINDING MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY WHEN HE SAW THE SPIKED BOARD...
GOOD LORD!
HE SLAMMED HIS FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKES, TOO LATE. THE TWO FRONT TIRES EXPLODED AS THE SPIKES RIPPED INTO THEM. THE STATION-WAGON LURCHED CRAZILY...GOING OVER.
...SMASHING THROUGH THE GUARD-RAIL...ROLLING DOWN THE STEEP HILL...INTO THE RAVINE BELOW.
TO CLYDE, EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. HE LAY, UNCONSCIOUS, AMID THE TWISTED STEEL... THE BROKEN GLASS... THE MOOSE-HEAD...



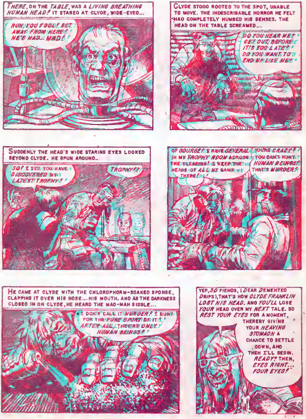
WHEN HE CAME TO, HE WAS LYING ON A COT IN A RUSTIC CABIN. AS THE COB-WEBS CLEARED, HE HEARD THE MUFFLED THROBBING OF A MOTOR COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM...
CHUG CHUG CHUG
WHERE...WHERE AM I? I...I...OH! THE CRASH!
SUDDENLY, THE MOTOR STOPPED. THEN CLYDE HEARD ANGRY VOICES, IN THE ROOM WITH THE MOTOR.
NO! PLEASE! TURN IT ON AGAIN. PLEASE! HAVE MERCY!
WHAT THE BLAZES?
IT SOUNDED AS IF SOMEONE WERE BEING TORTURED IN THE NEXT ROOM. THE MOTOR STARTED AGAIN. CLYDE TRIED TO GET UP..
I'VE GOT TO...OH! OOOOH! GOOD LORD! MY LEG! IT'S BROKEN.
THE DOOR TO THE NEXT ROOM OPENED. THE SOUND OF THE THROBBING MOTOR WAS LOUDER NOW, AND CLYDE HEARD ANOTHER SOUND, LIKE LIQUID GURGLING THROUGH PIPES
AH! I SEE YOU'VE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!
HE CAME TOWARD CLYDE, GRINNING EAGERLY...
HOW DO YOU FEEL? I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE A CONCUSSION!
IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT MEDICINE, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LEG IN A SPLINT?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR LEGS, MY FRIEND!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE. WHO HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE? WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?

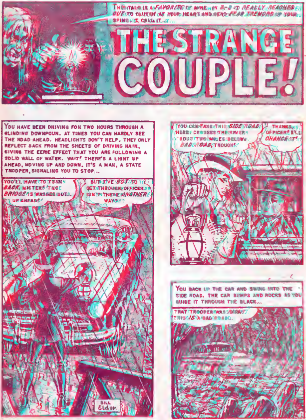


YOU...YOU HEARD?
YES! LOOK! YOU'VE GOT TO SET MY LEG OR GET ME TO A DOCTOR!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! YOU'RE MY PRISONER!
THE SPIKES! YOU... YOU PUT THEM ACROSS THE ROAD!
EXACTLY! LET US SAY I BAGGED YOU AS A HUNTER GAME!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
HE TURNED AND STARTED OUT THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CABIN, CHUCKLING. CLYDE SHIVERED...
YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!
CLYDE WATCHED HIM CROSS THE CLEARING TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE A LARGE WOODSHED...
HE'S OBVIOUSL AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT OTHER ROOM. I'VE GOT TO SEE...
MOANNNN
WITH A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT, CLYDE MANAGED TO HALF HOP, HALF DRAG HIMSELF TO THE DOOR. HE FLUNG IT OPEN...
WHY, THERE'S NO ONE HERE?!



THE ROOM WAS EMPTY! ON A BARE WHITE TABLE WAS A RATHER LARGE ROUND CONTAINER. IT LOOKED LIKE A HAT BOX. ON THE FLOOR BELOW, A SMALL MOTOR THROBBED. IT SEEMED TO BE A PUMP ARRANGEMENT. FROM AN ATTACHED TANK, SEVERAL RUBBER TUBES RAN OFF TOWARD THE TABLE...
IF... IF I HEARD THE *MOTOR*, AND *IT'S* HERE, THEN THE *PERSON* I HEARD MUST BE *HERE TOO!*
OVER THE TABLE, A BOTTLE HUNG, UPSIDE DOWN. IT LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF BOTTLE USED TO ADMINISTER PLASMA. A TUBE RAN FROM IT, DOWN TO THE TABLE, TOWARD THE HAT BOX...
FUNNY! ALL THE TUBES SEEM TO RUN UNDER THAT CONTAINER!
CLYDE DRAGGED HIMSELF TO THE TABLE, PAINFULLY. HE STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGE BOX. HE SAW, NOW, THAT IT WAS ONLY A COVER...
MOAN-N-N-N-N-N!
SUDDENLY, THE HAIR ON CLYDE'S NECK CRAWLED AND BRISTLED IN TERROR...
THAT... THAT *MOAN!* THAT *PATHETIC MOAN!* IT CAME FROM THAT BOX!
CLYDE GRASPED THE HANDLE, RAISED THE COVER, AND GAZED DOWN AT THE MOST HORRIFYING SIGHTS HE'D EVER SEEN...
YAAAAAA

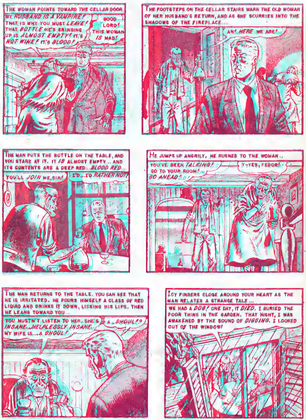

THERE, ON THE TABLE, WAS A LIVING BREATHING HUMAN HEAD! IT STARED AT CLYDE, WIDE-EYED...
RUN, YOU FOOL! GET AWAY FROM HERE! HE'S MAD... MAD!
CLYDE STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, UNABLE TO MOVE. THE INDESCRIBABLE HORROR HE FELT HAD COMPLETELY NUMBED HIS SENSES. THE HEAD ON THE TABLE SCREAMED...
DO YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE ME?
SUDDENLY THE HEAD'S WIDE STARING EYES LOOKED BEYOND CLYDE. HE SPUN AROUND..
SO! I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY LATEST TROPHY!
TROPHY?
OF COURSE! I HAVE SEVERAL IN MY TROPHY ROOM ACROSS THE CLEARING! I KEEP THE HEADS OF ALL MY GAME THERE!
YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T HUNT HUMAN BEINGS! THAT'S MURDER!
HE CAME AT CLYDE WITH THE CHLOROPHORM-SOAKED SPONGE, CLAPPING IT OVER HIS NOSE... HIS MOUTH, AND AS THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN ON CLYDE, HE HEARD THE MAD-MAN GIGGLE...
I DON'T CALL IT MURDER! I HUNT FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT! AFTER ALL, THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS!
YEP, 3-D FIENDS, (DEAR DEMENTED DRIPS), THAT'S HOW CLYDE FRANKLIN LOST HIS HEAD. AND YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER MY NEXT TALE. SO REST YOUR EYES FOR A MOMENT, THEREBY GIVING YOUR HEAVING STOMACH A CHANCE TO SETTLE DOWN, AND THEN I'LL BEGIN. READY? THEN, EYES RIGHT... FOUR EYES!

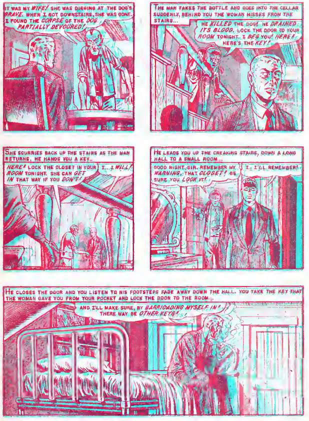


THIS TALE IS A FAVORITE OF MINE... IN 3-D IT REALLY REACHES OUT TO CLUTCH AT YOUR HEART AND SEND FEAR TREMORS UP YOUR SPINE! I CALL IT...
THE STRANGE COUPLE!
YOU HAVE BEEN DRIVING FOR TWO HOURS THROUGH A BLINDING DOWNPOUR. AT TIMES YOU CAN HARDLY SEE THE ROAD AHEAD. HEADLIGHTS DON'T HELP. THEY ONLY REFLECT BACK FROM THE SHEETS OF DRIVING RAIN, GIVING THE EERIE EFFECT THAT YOU ARE FOLLOWING A SOLID WALL OF WATER. WAIT! THERE'S A LIGHT UP AHEAD, MOVING UP AND DOWN. IT'S A MAN, A STATE TROOPER, SIGNALING YOU TO STOP..
YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK, MISTER! THE BRIDGE IS WASHED OUT UP AHEAD!
BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH, OFFICER. ISN'T THERE ANOTHER WAY?
BILL Elder
YOU CAN TAKE THIS SIDE ROAD! HERE CROSSES THE RIVER 'BOUT TWO MILES BELOW. BAD ROAD, THOUGH!
THANKS, OFFICER! I'LL CHANCE IT!
YOU BACK UP THE CAR AND SWING INTO THE SIDE ROAD. THE CAR BUMPS AND ROCKS AS YOU GUIDE IT THROUGH THE BLACK...
THAT TROOPER WAS RIGHT! THIS IS A BAD ROAD.

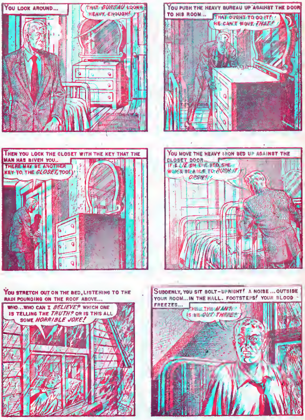

YOU CONTINUE ON, SPLASHING, ROLLING, FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, YOU'RE TIRED, THE STRAIN OF DRIVING THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR IS BEGINNING TO HAVE ITS EFFECT. SUDDENLY...
BLAST!
THE CAR LURCHES INTO A WATER-FILLED HOLE AND THE ENGINE STALLS. YOU TRY TO START BUT IT'S NO USE. YOU'RE STUCK...
STUCK IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN SPOT! WELL, THERE'S NO USE WALKING ANYWHERE. I'LL JUST HAVE TO SWEAT IT OUT!
YOU SETTLE BACK, RESIGNED TO WAITING UNTIL THE STORM ABATES, WHEN SUDDENLY, YOU SEE A LIGHT.. SHINING THROUGH THE BLACK DOWNPOUR...
A FARM-HOUSE! PERHAPS THEY HAVE A PHONE!
YOU PULL YOUR COLLAR UP AROUND YOUR NECK, PULL YOUR HAT DOWN, AND BREAK FOR THE HOUSE...
IF THEY HAVE NO PHONE, PERHAPS THEY CAN PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT...
THE HOUSE IS OLD AND RUN DOWN. THE SHUTTERS ARE BROKEN AND CLATTER AGAINST THE WINDOWS. ICY FINGERS GRIP YOUR SPINE AS YOU STAND BEFORE THE BATTERED DOOR...
THERE'S SOMETHING FOREBODING ABOUT THIS PLACE... IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
YOU KNOCK. THE HOLLOW BOOM ECHOES THROUGH THE INTERIOR. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON RUSTY STRAINING HINGES...
GO AWAY! GO AWAY FROM HERE!
BUT... THE STORM! I... I...


YOU'RE FRIGHTENED. THE WOMAN HAD A WILD MANIACAL LOOK IN HER BURNING EYES...
YOU'RE NOT WANTED! IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOU HERE! GO AWAY!
BUT MY CAR...IT'S STUCK DOWN THERE! I THOUGHT...
LET THE GENTLEMAN COME IN, HEPSIBAH! WE CANNOT TURN ANYONE AWAY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!
WHY, THANK YOU, SIR! I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD PUT ME UP...
GO, WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME
THE DARK TALL MAN POINTS TO HIS TEMPLE...
YOU MUSTN'T MIND MY WIFE, SIR. SHE'S...NOT WELL!
OH! I...I SEE!
THAT'S WHY WE LIVE OUT IN THIS DESERTED PLACE! I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON HER...TAKE CARE OF HER.
I UNDERSTAND! DO YOU THINK I COULD GET SOMETHING TO EAT?
THE WOMAN COWERS IN A CORNER. HER BEADY EYES FOLLOW THE MAN AS HE OPENS THE CELLAR DOOR. HE SMILES AT YOU...
SOMETHING TO EAT? OF COURSE. I'LL GO DOWN TO MY WINE CELLAR AND BRING UP A BOTTLE OF MY BEST VINTAGE!
AS HIS FOOTSTEPS FADE INTO THE CELLAR, THE WOMAN RUSHES AT YOU, CLAWING YOU...
PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU, GO! YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER HERE! MY HUSBAND IS...HE'S INHUMAN!
INHUMAN!?
3


THE WOMAN POINTS TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR
MY HUSBAND IS A VAMPIRE! THAT IS WHY YOU MUST LEAVE! THAT BOTTLE HE'S BRINGING UP IS ALMOST EMPTY! IT'S NOT WINE! IT'S BLOOD!
GOOD LORD! THIS WOMAN IS MAD!
THE FOOTSTEPS ON THE CELLAR STAIRS WARN THE OLD WOMAN OF HER HUSBAND'S RETURN, AND AS SHE SCURRIES INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE FIREPLACE...
AH! HERE WE ARE!
THE MAN PUTS THE BOTTLE ON THE TABLE, AND YOU STARE AT IT. IT IS ALMOST EMPTY .. AND ITS CONTENTS ARE A DEEP RED. BLOOD RED.
YOU'LL JOIN ME, SIR!
I'D...I'D RATHER NOT!
HE JUMPS UP ANGRILY. HE RUSHES TO THE WOMAN..
YOU'VE BEEN TALKING! GO TO YOUR ROOM! GO AHEAD!
Y-YES, FEDOR!
THE MAN RETURNS TO THE TABLE. YOU CAN SEE THAT HE IS IRRITATED. HE POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF RED LIQUID AND DRINKS IT DOWN, LICKING HIS LIPS. THEN HE LEANS TOWARD YOU...
YOU MUSTN'T LISTEN TO HER. SHE'S INSANE...HELPLESSLY INSANE... MY WIFE IS...A GHOUL!
A...GHOUL!?
ICY FINGERS CLOSE AROUND YOUR HEART AS THE MAN RELATES A STRANGE TALE...
WE HAD A DOG! ONE DAY, IT DIED. I BURIED THE POOR THING IN THE GARDEN. THAT NIGHT, I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF DIGGING. I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW!

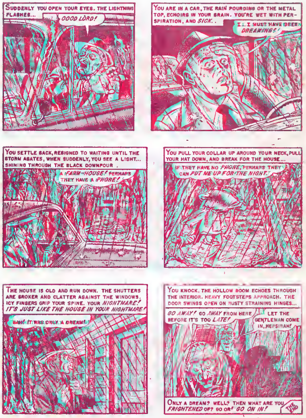


IT WAS MY WIFE! SHE WAS DIGGING AT THE DOG'S GRAVE. WHEN I GOT DOWNSTAIRS, SHE WAS GONE. I FOUND THE CORPSE OF THE DOG PARTIALLY DEVOURED!
THE MAN TAKES THE BOTTLE AND GOES INTO THE CELLAR SUDDENLY, BEHIND YOU THE WOMAN HISSES FROM THE STAIRS...
HE KILLED THE DOG! HE DRAINED ITS BLOOD. LOCK THE DOOR TO YOUR ROOM TONIGHT. I BEG YOU! HERE! HERE'S THE KEY!
SHE SCURRIES BACK UP THE STAIRS AS THE MAN RETURNS. HE HANDS YOU A KEY..
HERE! LOCK THE CLOSET IN YOUR ROOM TONIGHT. SHE CAN GET IN THAT WAY IF YOU DON'T!
I... I WILL!
HE LEADS YOU UP THE CREAKING STAIRS, DOWN A LONG HALL TO A SMALL ROOM...
GOOD NIGHT, SIR. REMEMBER MY WARNING. THAT CLOSET! BE SURE YOU LOCK IT!
I... I'LL REMEMBER!
HE CLOSES THE DOOR AND YOU LISTEN TO HIS FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY DOWN THE HALL. YOU TAKE THE KEY THAT THE WOMAN GAVE YOU FROM YOUR POCKET AND LOCK THE DOOR TO THE ROOM...
AND I'LL MAKE SURE, BY BARRICADING MYSELF IN! THERE MAY BE OTHER KEYS!


YOU LOOK AROUND...
THAT BUREAU LOOKS HEAVY ENOUGH!
YOU PUSH THE HEAVY BUREAU UP AGAINST THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM...
THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! HE CAN'T MOVE THAT!
THEN YOU LOCK THE CLOSET WITH THE KEY THAT THE MAN HAS GIVEN YOU...
THERE MAY BE ANOTHER KEY TO THE CLOSET, TOO!
YOU MOVE THE HEAVY IRON BED UP AGAINST THE CLOSET DOOR...
IF I LIE ON THE BED, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO PUSH IT OPEN!
YOU STRETCH OUT ON THE BED, LISTENING TO THE RAIN POUNDING ON THE ROOF ABOVE...
WHO...WHO CAN I BELIEVE? WHICH ONE IS TELLING THE TRUTH? OR IS THIS ALL SOME HORRIBLE JOKE!
SUDDENLY, YOU SIT BOLT-UPRIGHT! A NOISE...OUTSIDE YOUR ROOM...IN THE HALL. FOOTSTEPS! YOUR BLOOD FREEZES...
THE... THE MAN?? IS HE OUT THERE??



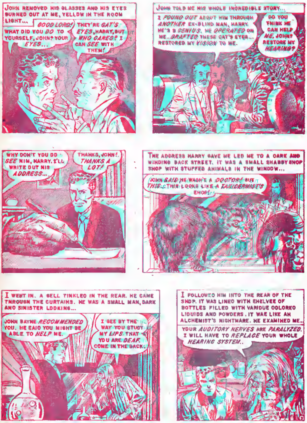
YOU LISTEN... ANOTHER NOISE... BEHIND YOU... IN THE CLOSET...
THE WOMAN? IS SHE IN THERE?
THEN... A THIN PENCIL POINT OF LIGHT KNIFES THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE DUSTY ROOM.
THE WALL! A PANEL IS OPENING!
THE PANEL OPENS WIDER... WIDER... AND THEN...
NO! OH, NO! GOOD LORD! IT'S BOTH OF THEM!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! THE DOORS ARE BARRICADED. THE TWO OF THEM... THAT HORRIBLE COUPLE... ARE COMING AT YOU... THEIR EYES BURNING...
MY BOTTLE IS ALMOST EMPTY!
HURRY, PEDRO! DRAIN QUICKLY SO THAT I MAY FEAST!
BOTH OF THEM TOLD YOU THE TRUTH! AND AS THEY COME AT YOU, YOU SCREAM. YOU CLAW AGAINST THE WALL... AND SCREAM...
YAAAAAA!
7



SUDDENLY YOU OPEN YOUR EYES. THE LIGHTNING FLASHES...
GOOD LORD!
YOU ARE IN A CAR, THE RAIN POUNDING ON THE METAL TOP, ECHOING IN YOUR BRAIN. YOU'RE WET WITH PERSPIRATION, AND SICK.
I...I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!
YOU SETTLE BACK, RESIGNED TO WAITING UNTIL THE STORM ABATES, WHEN SUDDENLY, YOU SEE A LIGHT... SHINING THROUGH THE BLACK DOWNPOUR.
A FARM-HOUSE! PERHAPS THEY HAVE A PHONE!
YOU PULL YOUR COLLAR UP AROUND YOUR NECK, PULL YOUR HAT DOWN, AND BREAK FOR THE HOUSE...
IF THEY HAVE NO PHONE, PERHAPS THEY CAN PUT ME UP FOR THE NIGHT!
THE HOUSE IS OLD AND RUN DOWN. THE SHUTTERS ARE SROKER AND CLATTER AGAINST THE WINDOWS. ICY FINGERS GRIP YOUR SPINE. YOUR NIGHTMARE! IT'S JUST LIKE THE HOUSE IN YOUR NIGHTMARE!
BAH! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!
YOU KNOCK. THE HOLLOW BOOM ECHOES THROUGH THE INTERIOR. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON RUSTY STRAINING HINGES...
GO AWAY! GO AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
LET THE GENTLEMAN COME IN, HEPSIBAH!
ONLY A DREAM? WELL? THEN WHAT ARE YOU FRIGHTENED OF? GO OR! GO ON IN!
THE END


AND NOW, READ HARRY GORDON'S OWN 3-D-LIRIUM TERROR-TALE, TOLD IN HIS VERY OWN WORDS... HARRY CALLS IT...
BATS IN MY BELFRY!
I FIRST FOUND OUT THAT I WAS GOING DEAF WHEN I VISITED MY FAMILY DOCTOR BECAUSE OF A PAINFUL EARACHE I'D BEEN HAVING. HE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD...
I'M SORRY, HARRY. I KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO YOUR CAREER, BUT THE SYMPTOMS ARE UNMISTAKABLE! IN A MONTH OR SO, YOU WILL BE STONE DEAF!
ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR? ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO? OPERATE...?
NO, HARRY. NOTHING CAN BE DONE FOR YOU. THERE IS NO OPERATION!
I SEE! WELL! THANK YOU, DOC.
I WENT HOME TO MY WIFE JOAN. I TOLD HER WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD SAID...
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO ACT ANYMORE?
HOW COULD I? I'D MISS MY CUES. MY VOICE WOULD BE EXPRESSIONLESS.


JOAN SEEMED EXTREMELY UPSET BY THE NEWS...
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THEY CAN DO. GO SEE SPECIALISTS! MAKE SURE!
I WILL, HONEY! I WILL...
BUT EVERY DOCTOR I WENT TO TOLD ME THE SAME STORY. IT WAS USELESS. AND WHEN I STARTED TO MISS MY CUES ONSTAGE....
SORRY, HARRY. WE'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER STAR!
HUH? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
AND THEN IT CAME... THAT THICK, HEAVY SILENCE. I WAS STONE DEAF. I HAD TO LEARN TO LIP READ...
SLOWER, JOAN! SPEAK SLOWER!
I SAID OUR MONEY'S PRACTICALLY GONE! WE'RE BROKE! UNDERSTAND! CLEANED OUT!
THINGS GOT WORSE. I COULDN'T FIND WORK. FINALLY I WENT TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND, JOHN BAYNE. JOHN AND I HAD PLAYED SUMMER STOCK TOGETHER. JOHN HAD GONE BLIND...
HARRY! HARRY GORDON! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
DID YOU SAY MY NAME, JOHN? I CAN'T HEAR ANYMORE
I HEARD ABOUT YOUR MISFORTUNE, HARRY! YES, I SAID YOUR NAME! I RECOGNIZED YOU IMMEDIATELY!
THEN YOU CAN SEE, JOHN? YOU CAN SEE AGAIN?
JOHN NODDED...
THEN WHY DO YOU WEAR THOSE DARK GLASSES, JOHN?
TO HIDE MY EYES, HARRY! THESE EYES!



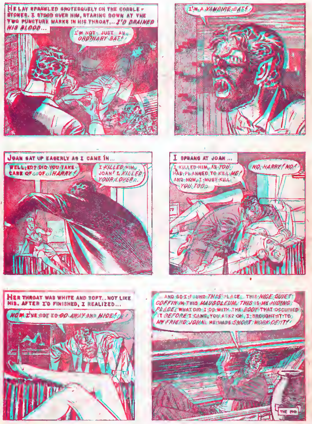
JOHN REMOVED HIS GLASSES AND HIS EYES BURNED OUT AT ME, YELLOW IN THE ROOM LIGHT...
GOOD LORD! WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF, JOHN? YOUR EYES...
THEY'RE CAT'S EYES, HARRY, BUT WHO CARES? I CAN SEE WITH THEM!
JOHN TOLD ME HIS WHOLE INCREDIBLE STORY...
I FOUND OUT ABOUT HIM THROUGH ANOTHER EX-BLIND MAN, HARRY. HE'S A GENIUS. HE OPERATED ON ME...GRAFTED THESE CAT'S EYES... RESTORED MY VISION TO ME.
DO YOU THINK HE CAN HELP ME, JOHN? RESTORE MY HEARING?
WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE HIM, HARRY. I'LL WRITE OUT HIS ADDRESS...
THANKS, JOHN! THANKS A LOT!
THE ADDRESS HARRY GAVE ME LED ME TO A DARK AND WINDING BACK STREET. IT WAS A SMALL SHABBY SHOP SHOP WITH STUFFED ANIMALS IN THE WINDOW...
JOHN SAID HE WASN'T A DOCTOR! BUT THIS...THIS LOOKS LIKE A TAXIDERMIST'S SHOP!
I WENT IN. A BELL TINKLED IN THE REAR. HE CAME THROUGH THE CURTAINS. HE WAS A SMALL MAN, DARK AND SINISTER LOOKING...
JOHN BAYNE RECOMMENDED YOU. HE SAID YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME.
I SEE BY THE WAY YOU STUDY MY LIPS THAT YOU ARE DEAF. COME IN THE BACK.
I FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE REAR OF THE SHOP. IT WAS LINED WITH SHELVES OF BOTTLES FILLED WITH VARIOUS COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS. IT WAS LIKE AN ALCHEMIST'S NIGHTMARE. HE EXAMINED ME.
YOUR AUDITORY NERVES ARE PARALYZED. I WILL HAVE TO REPLACE YOUR WHOLE HEARING SYSTEM..


HE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT. THEN...
I PROPOSE TO TRANSFER THE AUDITORY SYSTEM OF A BAT INTO YOUR BODY.
A BAT?!
YES. THE BAT'S AUDITORY SYSTEM IS EXTRA-SENSORY. YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR BETTER THAN YOU DID BEFORE YOU LOST YOUR HEARING! DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE IT?
I'M DESPERATE! I'LL TRY ANYTHING... ANYTHING!
WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE ANESTHETIC, I LOOKED AROUND. I COULD HEAR! THE AIR IN THE ROOM SEEMED TO HISS. HE STOOD OVER ME. HE SPOKE
HOW DO YOU FEEL!
MY HEAD! DON'T TALK!
HIS VOICE SLAMMED INTO MY BRAIN. IT WAS HARSH AND LOUD. HE LAUGHED ..
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, MR. GORDON!
I... I CERTAINLY HOPE SO!
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE SENSATION? HAVE YOU EVER TURNED ON A RADIO FULL BLAST? I RUSHED HOME TO TELL JOAN. AS I OPENED THE DOOR, I HEARD JOAN'S VOICE, UPSTAIRS, WHISPERING. I HEARD IT CLEARLY...
I THINK HE JUST CAME IN! I'LL HAVE TO HANG UP, DARLING. YES. OF COURSE I LOVE YOU. GOOD-BYE...
I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. JOAN ..AND ANOTHER MAN! I DECIDED NOT TO TELL HER ABOUT MY HEARING BEING RESTORED. THAT NIGHT, I COULDN'T SLEEP. I GOT DRESSED AND WENT FOR A WALK .
FUNNY! I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING ..LIKE I WANT TO SCREAM!

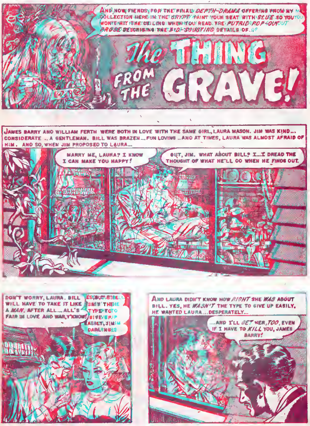

I WALKED UNTIL DAWN, THEN I WENT HOME. JOAN WAS GONE. SHE'D TAKEN A JOB WHEN OUR MONEY'D RUN OUT...
I . FEEL . SO...SLEEPY ..NOW!
ALL NIGHT, I'D FELT WIDE AWAKE. NOW, AT DAWN, A HEAVY DROWSINESS CAME OVER ME. I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP, BUT WHEN I AWOKE..
WHAT IN BLAZES!
I WAS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE CLOTHES POLE IN MY CLOSET. I SLIPPED TO THE FLOOR...
WHAT'S.. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
I STAGGERED INTO THE BATHROOM AND LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR...
HAIR! TINY FINE GREY HAIR GROWING ON MY FOREHEAD, MY NOSE..
I SHAVED CAREFULLY, CLEARING MY FACE OF THE SILKEN GROWTH. THEN I SHOWERED.
WHAT THE ..? A MEMBRANE GROWING ACROSS MY ARMPIT!
I DRESSED QUICKLY AND RUSHED TO JOHN BAYNE'S HOUSE. WHAT MANNER OF FIEND HAD HE SENT ME TO? AS I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR...
GET OUT! GO AWAY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. I'M AN ANIMAL!
JOHN! GOOD LORD!

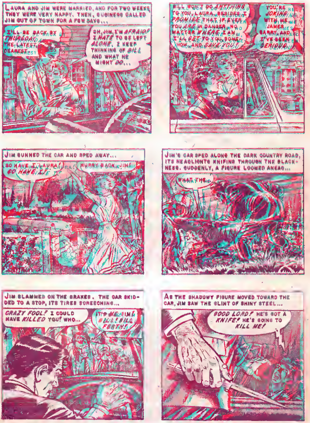

JOHN'S ROOM WAS DIMLY LIT. HIS FELINE EYES GLOWED WITH AN ERIE YELLOW LIGHT. HE KNELT IN A CORNER, WHITE PICKED-CLEAN BONES AROUND HIM...
THAT HORRIBLE FIEND, HARRY! HE DID SOMETHING TO ME. THESE AREN'T CAT'S EYES... THEY'RE THE EYES OF A PANTHER. AND I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. I HAVE AN INCESSANT URGE TO KILL!
LORD HELP US!
JOHN SNAPPED ON A LIGHT...
LOOK AT ME! LOOK! I'M EVEN BEGINNING TO TURN INTO A PANTHER! DON'T GO TO HIM, HARRY! DON'T...
IT'S... IT'S TOO LATE!
JOHN SNARLED. I GOT OUT. AND THAT NIGHT, AS I WALKED, I BEGAN TO UTTER SHORT SHRILL SHRIEKS. I LISTENED TO THEIR ECHOES. I WAS USING THE BAT'S RADAR-LIKE DEVICE ...
THAT EXPLAINS THE HAIR ON MY FACE... MY FALLING ASLEEP IN THE CLOSET, UPSIDE-DOWN! I'M TURNING INTO A BAT!
WHEN I GOT HOME, TOWARD DAWN...
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT? AND YOU WEREN'T HOME LAST NIGHT! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
I... GOT A JOB! NIGHT WORK!
GOOD! THEN I'LL QUIT MINE... TODAY!
IF YOU LIKE! I'M... I'M TIRED! I'M GOING TO BED!
JOAN LEFT, AND I STAGGERED TO THE CLOSET. I SWUNG IT OPEN, SQUEALING...


WHEN I AWOKE, I HEARD VOICES IN THE BED-ROOM BEYOND JOAN'S VOICE... AND A MAN'S...
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT HIS INSURANCE POLICY, JOAN, BABY?
POSITIVE! I PAID THE LAST PREMIUM! IT'S STILL IN EFFECT! $25,000! HE TOOK IT OUT WHEN HE WAS STILL SUCCESSFUL!
I LISTENED, HORROR-STRICKEN...
WE'LL BE RICH, BABY! RICH! AFTER WE KILL HIM...
THEY'RE PLANNING TO MURDER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
I FLUNG OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR AND RAN, SCREAMING, FROM THE HOUSE...
THAT WAS HARRY! HE HEARD! HE'LL GO TO THE POLICE!
I'LL STOP HIM... IF I HAVE TO...
JOAN'S LOVER CAME AFTER ME. I RAN, UTTERING THOSE LITTLE SHRILL SHRIEKS THAT WARNED ME OF FENCES AND BLIND ALLEYS AND DEAD-END STREETS...
IT'S NO USE, HARRY! I'LL CATCH YOU!
AND AS I RAN, I SAW THE SHARP TALONS SPRING FROM MY FINGERTIPS WHERE NAILS HAD ONCE GROWN...
...AND WHEN I DO, HARRY, I'LL KILL YOU!
AND THEN, I FELT THE FANGS JUT FROM BEHIND MY LIPS. I FELT THE HAIR COVERING MY FACE. I FELT A NEW STRENGTH. I STOPPED RUNNING...
TIRED, HARRY? TIRED OF RUNNING? THIS WON'T HURT, HARRY! THIS IS GOOD LORD!



HE LAY SPRAWLED GROTESQUELY ON THE COBBLE-STONES. I STOOD OVER HIM, STARING DOWN AT THE TWO PUNCTURE MARKS IN HIS THROAT... I'D DRAINED HIS BLOOD...
I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BAT!
I'M A VAMPIRE BAT!
JOAN SAT UP EAGERLY AS I CAME IN...
WELL, ED? DID YOU TAKE CARE OF... OF... HARRY?
I KILLED HIM, JOAN! I KILLED YOUR LOVER.
I SPRANG AT JOAN...
I KILLED HIM, AS YOU HAD PLANNED TO KILL ME! AND NOW, I MUST KILL YOU, TOO...
NO, HARRY! NO!
HER THROAT WAS WHITE AND SOFT... NOT LIKE HIS. AFTER I'D FINISHED, I REALIZED...
NOW I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY AND HIDE!
...AND SO I FOUND THIS PLACE... THIS NICE QUIET COFFIN IN THIS MAUSOLEUM. THIS IS MY HIDING PLACE. WHAT DID I DO WITH THE BODY THAT OCCUPIED IT BEFORE I CAME, YOU ASK? OH, I BROUGHT IT TO MY FRIEND JOHN. HE MADE SHORT WORK OF IT!
THE END


AND NOW, FIENDS, FOR THE FINAL DEPTH-DRAMA OFFERING FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE CRYPT! PAINT YOUR SEAT WITH GLUE SO YOU WON'T HIT THE CEILING WHEN YOU READ THE PUTRID POP-OUT PROSE DESCRIBING THE … DETAILS OF
The THING FROM THE GRAVE!
JAMES BARRY AND WILLIAM FERTH WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL, LAURA MASON. JIM WAS KIND... CONSIDERATE .. A GENTLEMAN. BILL WAS BRAZEN ... FUN LOVING .. AND AT TIMES, LAURA WAS ALMOST AFRAID OF HIM. AND SO, WHEN JIM PROPOSED TO LAURA...
MARRY ME, LAURA? I KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!
BUT, JIM. WHAT ABOUT BILL? I...I DREAD THE THOUGHT OF WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT.
DON'T WORRY, LAURA. BILL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN. AFTER ALL... ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, Y'KNOW!
BUT BILL ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY, JIM DARLING!
AND LAURA DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT SHE WAS ABOUT BILL. YES, HE WASN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY. HE WANTED LAURA... DESPERATELY...
...AND I'LL GET HER, TOO, EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU, JAMES BARRY!


LAURA AND JIM WERE MARRIED, AND FOR TWO WEEKS THEY WERE VERY HAPPY. THEN, BUSINESS CALLED JIM OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS...
I'LL BE BACK BY THURSDAY, THE LATEST, DEAREST.
OH, JIM, I'M AFRAID! I HATE TO BE LEFT ALONE. I KEEP THINKING OF BILL AND WHAT HE MIGHT DO...
BILL WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU, LAURA. BESIDES, I PROMISE THAT IF EVER YOU ARE IN DANGER, NO MATTER WHERE I AM, I'LL GET TO YOU SOMEHOW, AND SAVE YOU!
YOU'RE JOKING WITH ME, JAMES GARRY, AND I'VE BEEN SERIOUS.
JIM GUNNED THE CAR AND SPED AWAY...
SO HAVE I, LAURA! SO HAVE I!
HURRY BACK, JIM!
JIM'S CAR SPED ALONG THE DARK COUNTRY ROAD, ITS HEADLIGHTS KNIFING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS. SUDDENLY, A FIGURE LOOMED AHEAD...
WHAT THE...
JIM SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES. THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP, ITS TIRES SCREECHING...
CRAZY FOOL! I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! WHO...
IT'S ME, JIM! BILL! BILL FERTH!
AS THE SHADOWY FIGURE MOVED TOWARD THE CAR, JIM SAW THE GLINT OF SHINY STEEL...
GOOD LORD! HE'S GOT A KNIFE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!


THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE, ECHOING OVER THE DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE, ENDED WITH A SHRIEK AND A DULL THUD. JIM SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL...
AND NOW, LAURA IS MINE... ALL MINE...
BILL PULLED THE BODY OF HIS MURDERED FRIEND FROM THE CAR AND CARRIED IT INTO THE WOODS...
GOT TO GET RID OF THE BODY WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT! GOT TO BURY IT DEEP IN THESE WOODS!
THIS TIME, THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIKING SOFT EARTH ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT...
SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A CRUDE BURIAL, JIM, OL' BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...
SOON, A GAPING HOLE WAS OPENED IN THE FOREST FLOOR AND JIM'S STIFF CORPSE WAS DROPPED IN...
NOW TO GET RID OF THE CAR...
LATER, THE SLEEK FORM OF JIM'S AUTO HURTLED OVER A CLIFF INTO A DEEP LAKE...
IT'LL SINK INTO THE MUD BOTTOM, AND THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT...!
AND SO, THE JOB WAS DONE. WEEKS WENT BY, AND THE TIME CAME FOR BILL TO SEE LAURA...
IT'S OVER A MONTH NOW, LAURA. HE'S LEFT YOU! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BILL. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO JIM. I FEEL IT.


BILL WAITED. HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME. AFTER TWO MORE MONTHS, HE WENT TO SEE LAURA AGAIN...
IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN BY NOW, LAURA. CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S DESERTED YOU?
I'LL WAIT FOR JIM TO COME BACK...
HE'LL NEVER COME BACK! NEVER!
THEN I'LL WAIT FOR HIM FOREVER! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HIM, BILL. JIM WAS MY LIFE! WITHOUT HIM...
THEN IT WAS ALL WASTED... THE PLANS... THE WORRY... THE WAITING... ALL WASTED!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
JIM'S DEAD, LAURA! DEAD! I KILLED HIM. I WANTED YOU, AND HE STOOD IN MY WAY!
Y-YOU KILLED JIM?! HOW... HOW COULD YOU?! I HATE YOU... HATE YOU!
NOW I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU, LAURA. IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE CAN EITHER. I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!
YOU'RE A MAD MAN! A RAVING MANIAC. LET ME GO!
BILL FORCED LAURA INTO A CAR AND DROVE HER TO A SECLUDED CABIN DEEP IN THE WOODS...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN THIS ROOM AND SET FIRE TO THE CABIN. THERE ARE NO WINDOWS, SO YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!


BILL SHOVED LAURA INTO THE WINDOWLESS ROOM AND LOCKED THE DOOR...
THEY'LL *NEVER* FIND WHAT'S *LEFT* OF YOU, LAURA. ONLY *ASHES*... *BLACK WHISPY ASHES*...
HELP! HELP!
AS THE SMOKE CURLED IN UNDER THE LOCKED DOOR, AND LAURA HEARD THE CRACKLING OF FLAMES AND FELT THE HEAT BEYOND, SHE SCREAMED...
EEEEEEE
IT WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM THAT SHATTERED THE STILLNESS OF THE FOREST, REVERBERATING FROM TREE TO TREE, ROCK TO ROCK...
EAAAAAA
AND SOMEWHERE OUT UNDER THE SOFT EARTH THAT COVERED IT, THE THING STIRRED... THEN PUSHED A DECAYING AND ROTTING HAND UPWARD INTO THE NIGHT...
AA AGGGHHHH
SLOWLY, THE EARTH GAVE WAY AS THE THING PUSHED UPWARD, CLAWING. THE CLEAN FRESH AIR SEEPED DOWN... INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...
IT GOT TO ITS FEET CLUMSILY... STOOD ERECT IN THE MOONLIGHT. IT LIFTED ITS HEAD, LISTENING! IT HAD HEARD A SCREAM... A SCREAM THAT HAD MADE IT SEEK THE OPEN AIR...


IT MOVED FORWARD AT A STUMBLING GAIT. ITS ROTTED LEGS...ITS SIGHTLESS EYES...THE DECAYED FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND THERE TO WHITENED BONE...MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...
OUTSIDE THE FLAME GUTTED CABIN, BILL TURNED TO SEE IT COMING FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES... STUMBLING...STAGGERING...
GOOD LORD!
THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL. IT MOVED TOWARD THE CABIN. BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH. HE WAS SICK. HE WHIMPERED...
THE THING WENT INTO THE FIRE. IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES...ITS ROTTED FLESH. IT WAS DEAD. IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, IT CAME OUT. ITS HAIR WAS SINGED...ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED. WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE BONE, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED. IT CARRIED THE GIRL...
IT PUT THE GIRL DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNING CABIN. AND THEN IT TURNED TOWARD THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...


SLOWLY IT SHAMBLED AFTER BILL AS HE CRASHED, SCREAMING, THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH...
HE'S COMING AFTER ME!
SUDDENLY, BILL STUMBLED INTO A YAWNING BLACK HOLE...
GOOD LORD! HIS GRAVE! JIM'S GRAVE...
THE THING WAS UPON HIM NOW, PINNING HIM DOWN. BILL TRIED TO STRUGGLE, BUT THE THING WAS STRONG. IT HELD HIM EASILY...
NO! NO!
AND THEN THE THING BEGAN, WITH ONE ROTTED AND DECAYED HAND, TO REFILL THE GRAVE... SCOOPING IN THE DIRT AGAIN.. BURYING THEM..
NO! I'M ALIVE! YOU CAN'T BURY ME! I'M... CHOKE... ALIVE!
BILL'S SCREAMS... WILD, TERRORIZED, HYSTERICAL SCREAMS... ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT AS THE DIRT GOT INTO HIS EYES AND FILLED HIS MOUTH. AND THEN, AFTER A WHILE, THE SCREAMING STOPPED...
THE END!
WELL, FIENDS, PUT YOUR EYEBALLS BACK IN THEIR SOCKETS. YOU'VE HAD IT... HORROR IN 3 DIMENSIONS! HOPE YOU LIKED IT! LOOK FOR MORE E.C. 3-D MAGS AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND LOOK FOR E.C.'S REGULAR LINE, TOO! NOW IT'S TIME TO CLOSE THE 3-D CRYPT OF TERROR! 'BYE! PLEASANT SCREAMS!



CONFIDENTIALLY...THIS IS AN EVEN *BETTER* E.C. 3-D MAG!
THREE DIMENSIONAL
25¢
E.C. CLASSICS
COME WITH ME, DEAR READER! COME INTO THE THIRD DIMENSION. IF YOU DARE! FOR YOU MAY NEVER COME OUT!
ON THE INSIDE! TWO 3-D VIEWERS!